

From that day on Tiny no longer had to play alone. Each day he and Lucky ran around the jungle. They climbed up and down trees. They ran in and out of caves. They became the best of friends.

One day while Lucky was at home under her rock, Tiny was playing in the jungle alone.

“I think I’ll try to climb that tall tree over there,” Tiny said. “That should be fun!”

Tiny started up the tree. Higher and higher he climbed. Finally he reached the top.

“I may be tiny on the ground,” Tiny said, “but now I am the tallest creature in the jungle.”

Then Tiny thought of something. He didn’t know how to climb down from the tree! When he looked down, the ground was very far away. “Help!” screamed Tiny. “I’m stuck up here in the tree.”

From under her rock Lucky heard Tiny’s screams. She went as fast as she could to the tall tree.

“I’ll save you,” Lucky yelled to Tiny. “Here I come.”

Lucky climbed to the top of the tree. She started to spin a small thread from the treetop to the ground.

Tiny slid down Lucky’s thread, and soon he was safe on the ground. “You saved me,” he said thankfully.

“It’s good you’re so small,” said Lucky. “Not many jungle creatures could have slid down my thread.”

“Yes,” said Tiny. “Sometimes it is nice to be tiny!”

